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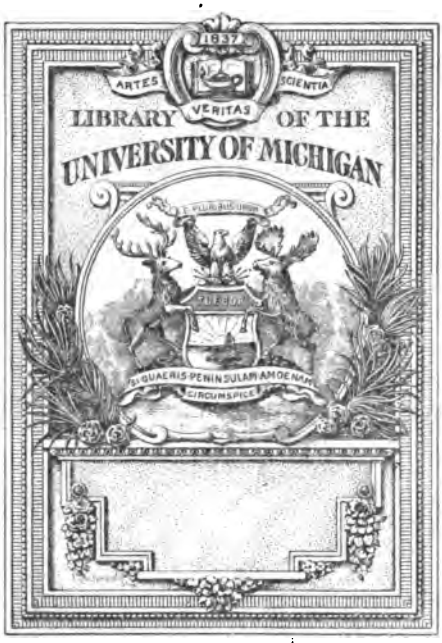
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Yale Tales

Compiled and Edited by

Boeder Van Harlan

New Haven, Conn.

1901

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New Haven, Conn.
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The First Night.

ALPH rather hated to leave the comfortable security of the New Haven House to join the noisy crowd gathered in front of Osborn Hall on the opposite corner. He had a feeling of apprehensive newness like a stranger who has just arrived in a country of unknown customs and manners. He crossed the street slowly, and found himself in the midst of a group of men carrying tin

torches on long poles. They were wearing their coats in a most peculiar fashion—wrong side out, with the white linings of the sleeves showing. Ralph glanced about him bewilderedly seeking a sympathetic countenance, but the only sympathy he got was of a negative character, and consisted of the curt advice, "Get back to your class, Freshman." Whereupon he suddenly remembered that these must be Seniors who led the procession. He blundered rapidly away through the crowd, and became aware of an indefinite jerky shouting. "Nineteen hundred and blank this way! Nineteen hundred and blank this way!" He turned toward the sound, and found a huddled group

feebly responding to the excited encouragements of a Junior (he had heard that the Juniors were the guides, philosophers, and friends of the Freshmen) who was frantically urging them to "buck up and get together, and cheer." He joined in the cry, but it seemed to him that his voice had lost much of its volume.

The torches suddenly gathered into a flare of light, and the men in white sleeves moved off slowly down the Green. Next came a small crowd of Juniors, and then a boisterous, noisy, clamorous crowd, undoubtedly the hated Sophomores, and Ralph found himself moving off with the Freshmen. A man whom he had known in "Prep.

School" appeared suddenly, earnestly ejaculated: "Stick to your class!" and as suddenly disappeared. The whole affair seemed confused and like a dream.

Somewhere up in the front part of the procession someone started a sort of rhythmic chant. The light from the torches flickered from side to side across the street, and the procession loosened up, unwound, and writhed along like a snake. Every man put his arms about the shoulders of the man next to him, and the long lines "sashayed" backward and forward. The song and the movement spread back and back until it reached the rear of the procession.

"Chi ro, omega lambda chi,
We meet to-night
To celebrate
The omega lambda chi."

They half skipped, half ran along, singing the words over and over again, and Ralph soon discovered that they had the merit of being possible to sing when one was both hoarse and breathless. He looked up just as they were passing White Hall and turning into High street. The torches illumined the red brick and stucco of the building, and Ralph caught sight of some men up on a balcony. They shouted something indistinguishable, and the procession suddenly halted.

To the tune of "Here's to good old Yale," they were slowly approach-

ing a vacant lot where the Seniors with their torches had already formed a ring which was constantly bulging and widening. It assumed a definite conformation and the Seniors squatted down in uncomfortable attitudes. Ralph put his arms on the bent back of a man in front of him, and sat on his heels that those behind might see. He caught sight of three or four big men wearing blue sweaters with Y's on them standing in the middle of the circle. One of them wore a white sweater with a blue Y on the bosom, and Ralph heard someone say that he was the 'Varsity crew captain. "Lightweight from 19—," he of the white sweater shouted in stentorian tones. A

chorus of yells arose forthwith on all sides: "Handy! Handy! Elkins! Williams! Williams!" The circle opened for a moment and a little man made his way into the middle, and started to strip off his upper clothing. The big man shouted again; "Lightweight from 19—." One or two half-uttered names were heard about the ring, and there came a period of waiting. Finally a Freshman lightweight was coaxed forth, and the two wrestlers stood facing each other while the big man appeared to be giving them instructions.

Ralph was too excited to see much of the wrestling, but after a blurred impression of two struggling white

bodies, he became confusedly, but none the less certainly, aware that the Sophomore had won. There was a roar of delight, and "Come on, follows! A long cheer! All together!" someone shouted. Ralph had an opportunity to admire the rhythm and unison of the Sophomore cheer as opposed to the thin, jerky, crackling cheer of the Freshmen:

"Brek ke ke kex coax coax!
Brek ke ke kex coax coax!
Who-up! Who-up! Parabalou!
Yale! Yale! Yale!
Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
rah, rah, rah!
Yale!"

Its sonorous volume and practiced cadence quickly drowned out the Freshmen and reduced them to silence.

Then came the call for the middleweights. "Keelin! Keelin!" the Sophomores shouted.

"The trainers won't let him go out. He plays football."

The wrestling matches immediately assumed in Ralph's eyes the dignity of a gladiatorial combat.

The timekeeper stopped the heavyweights by placing a hand on each glistening shoulder. "That makes the whole thing a tie," the next to Ralph confided to him, "but ties always count in favor of the Freshmen."

The compact crowd loosened up and Ralph, after a momentary feeling of lost desolation, again found his class, guided by the yell which had come

to have a fuller significance to him: "Nineteen hundred and blank this way! Nineteen hundred and blank this way!"

They marched down High street together, shouting and cheering for the Freshmen wrestlers whose names had spread as if by magic. Suddenly some men with torches came running along beside them, and placed themselves at the head of the procession. They tramped down High street to Chapel, and swung around into York street. An indefinable sense of excitement pervaded the whole crowd. When they reached the middle of the long block, they dimly descried a sombre menacing mass of men blocking the street, and

facing them. Their leaders suddenly sprang to the walks on either side, and shouted hoarsely. They closed up instinctively into a compact body, and began to run forward. Some of them locked their arms together. Ralph felt himself irresistibly borne onward. Then a sudden shock, a crush, a sense of suffocation, and he saw some of the men in front of him rise up into the air and topple over sideways. His legs were swept from under him, and he struggled blindly. Someone gripped him by the collar, but he wrenched himself free and plunged forward. Dripping with perspiration, he again found his class, at the end of the street. They were sadly diminished in

numbers, and the missing men were being run rapidly past them, three Sophomores to each—one on each side, and one behind as a motor-force. Ralph heard someone mention a mysterious place called "Billy's"; and someone else shouted excitedly, "They've got our men. Let's take 'em away!" and Ralph dashed after him down the street. They reached a struggling group which greeted them with an indefinable air of hostility, and what Ralph later described as a man-mountain accosted him gruffly with, "Well, what are you going to do?"

"I don't think I'll do much," Ralph returned pleasantly—very pleasantly; and he returned as unostentatiously as pos-

sible to 250 York Street, where he roomed.

He was sitting in his room with the door open. In the door was a tack. The tack had originally held in position a card which bore his name, Ralph Manor, placed there in imitation of the college dormitories, but the Sophomores had come and the card was gone. He was smoking a pipe bought that day from Stoddard, the great Yale tobacconist, and never had a new pipe tasted sweeter. He was a Yale man, smoking Yale tobacco, Handsome Dan, in a pipe bought in New Haven, and the novelty of it seasoned the smoke and transmuted the raw taste of burning wood into a

flavor as fine as that of any old and dearly beloved meerschaum. This train of thoughts, hardly formulated, was sacred, and he would no more have thought of uttering them aloud than he would have spoken at large of his affection for his family or his inmost ambitions. The fellow in the next room was hammering on the wall presumably hanging pictures, and the man on the other side was endeavoring to pick out "Here's to good old Yale" on the mandolin. The refrain of a song floated up through the darkness from the story below. It was being sung with more emphasis than accord, but to Manor it sounded beautiful. Outside someone was yelling for a

friend with that crescendo diminuendo intonation peculiar to colleges: "O–oh, Huntley Conway." He heard a confused sound of voices underneath his window, and suddenly his heart stood still.

"Oh!—Fresh!—put out that light!
Oh! Fresh! put out that light!
Put it out!
Put it out!
Put it out!"

He could distinguish the different voices and intonations overlapping. Then he heard a splash of water and a sudden chorus of yells. The sound of feet running rapidly on the stone walk and he knew that they were coming up. He rose softly, concealed his pipe in a drawer, closed and locked the door, and

retired across the room with beating heart. Why had that fool next door poured water on them? They would probably think he did it. A noise that sounded like the stampede of a herd of buffalo, and they had passed his room and gone in next door. Then loud talking, a burst of laughter, a period of silence and whisperings, and suddenly a loud, heart-stilling knock at his door. Even before he had time to answer, the door bent inward and the lock snapped. In the doorway stood a huge Sophomore with flaming red hair.

"Why didn't you answer?"

"Who are you?"

"What's your name?"

"Where do you come from?"

"Are you afraid?"

"Can you sing?"

"What's your school yell?"

"Let's hear your cheer."

The room had filled with threatening figures, and a multitude of sharp, terse questions bewildered him.

"Let's make him do the cuckoo clock stunt," proposed the big man with the red hair, who seemed to be the leader.

"All right," and the big man proceeded to instruct him. "Now you go into that closet, and when I clap my hands, put out your head, and say 'cuckoo' once, and then whistle, and say 'sir.' Then shut the door, and when I clap my hands again, do the same

thing; only sing out 'cuckoo' twice. If you can get up to twelve without laughing, we'll let you off."

The crowd of Sophomores disposed itself in various comfortable positions about the room, and Ralph retired with a certain sense of relief to the closet. At the first signal he was successful. He popped his head out, and, inspired by fears managed to ejaculate: "Cuckoo, ffpp! [this is intended to represent a faint whistle] sir," if whistling can be properly called articulation.

Another signal. Out popped his head, wearing a broad grin this time. "Cuckoo, cuckoo." He pursed up his lips to whistle, but not a sound would come. His tormenters burst into a roar of

laughter and the martinet leader reprimanded him severely: "—— and now start over again."

Time after time Ralph struggled with the difficulties of executing the absurd task and failed. Once he got as far as six o'clock and then caught the infection of their laughter. Finally a new figure appeared in the doorway and Ralph recognized him with a gasp of relief as a Sophomore to whom he had been introduced earlier in the day. "Good evening, Mr. Keelin," he managed to mumble.

"The Sophomore glanced at him. "Oh, hello, Manor. Get out, fellows. He's my man. I know him."

They all shook hands with him and

filed out in search of further victims. Left alone, Ralph sank into a chair, exhausted by excitement and laughter. He heard the Sophomores enter the room on the further side, and after an interval a low voice giving an intermittent, hesitating cheer. Then the sound of retreating footsteps and he breathed more freely.

The man who roomed next door, and whom the Sophomores had first visited, appeared in the doorway. "May I come in?" he said. "There's no use going to bed with all this rough-house going on, and they'll probably come back anyway."

"Come in," Ralph exclaimed gladly.

"His visitor came in and perched on

the edge of the table. "The darndest thing happened just now," he began. "Do you know Keelin? — nearly made half on the 'Varsity last year?"

"He just saved my life," Ralph answered.

"Well, he just put mine into jeopardy. Came into my room and when a bunch of Sophomores got underneath my window he turned out all my water on them. I thought it was all off, but he told me just to sit at my desk and it would be all right, and then he got behind the door. You heard them come in. They rushed up to me and started in to make me do stunts, and then Keelin jumped out and called them down. There was nothing more doing.

He's in their class, and, besides, I think he could r-ugh-house the whole bunch if he wanted to. I see where they come back and put me strictly on the bum."

"Smoly hoke! I should think you would have been scared stiff. Was that you they were yelling for a little while ago?"

"Yes; some of them learned my name. It's Conway."

"Mine's Manor," Ralph replied, climbing out of his chair.

They shook hands constrainedly. Formal introductions are a trial to Freshmen.

"I prepared at Andover," Conway continued. "That was an Andover

chap that wrestled lightweight for us. He used to wrestle up there."

"Did you know," asked Ralph, "that ties counted in our favor?"

"No; snappy work!" Then irrelevantly, after a pause: "Is that a new pipe?"

"Yes. I'm sorry I got it now, but I wanted one that I had bought in New Haven."

Huntley laughed. "It's lucky there aren't always three alternatives," he said. "If there were, we'd always have *two* to regret."

Roi M. Mason.

The Prom Concert.

HERE was a spirit of mystery and unrest in the air. No one seemed to be quite sure what was going to happen, and yet various groups of men scattered through the class were making mighty preparations. This spirit of unrest manifested itself in various ways, and on one occasion in a manner which Ralph mournfully described thereafter as "to say the least, sudden." He was sitting in his

room struggling with the mysteries of ascertaining the approximate area of a circle (3.1416 is the formula) when a strange-looking figure appeared in the door-way. Tall, square-shouldered, good-looking as to the face, and somewhat long as to the legs, his countenance was distorted into a horrible caricature of itself, the figure looked gaunt owing to the peculiarity of its pose, and the shoulders were aspiring to overtop the ears.

"Hello, Billy," Ralph exclaimed.

"Hello, you gol-darned, dried-up, swivel-eyed, bow-legged, knock-kneed, hammer-toed, brick-splitting, picked-up codfish," the apparition answered without once pausing to draw breath.

"Nellie was a lady, and the plural of gazabo is gazahas."

Ralph saw that his friend was in an extraordinary mood, and wondered if his actions were likely to be as eccentric as his conversation. They proved fully so. Billy pulled an apple from his pocket, bit it, made a wry face, and suddenly moderating his voice, remarked in perfectly natural tones: "My apple's rotten, Ralph, may I chuck it through the window?"

"Why, certainly."

"Crash!" and the cold wind came whistling through the broken pane. Ralph made an effort at self-control ludicrously similar to that of the hostess who hears the butler demolishing her

favorite set in the pantry. "I wish it were summer-time," he remarked plaintively.

Billy suppressed his risibles, and sobered down to a certain extent. "What are you going to do this evening at the Concert?" he asked.

"Why, I had a couple of thousand cards printed."

"Let's see them. I'm sorry about the window."

"Oh, that's all right. Here they are — pretty bum."

Billy read the inscription on one of the pasteboard squares aloud. On one side was: "19— sends regrets," and on the other:

"The Juniors are the kings it seems,
The Prom girls surely are the queens,

And if we didn't go in Pax
We'd say the Soph'mores were the Jacks."

"Pretty bum. Too mild. Why, the first time I heard those puns I kicked the slats out of my cradle. Who wrote it?"

"I did."

"Well, I'm not Tom Bend, so I won't apologize."

"Perhaps it's just as well you're not," Ralph said thoughtfully, "it would take up so much time. But he's a king!" he added with vigor, as if he had been disparaging Tom by speaking of his courtesy.

They were in the narrow alley between the Hyperion and Warner Hall. There was much pushing and scuffling,

and even a douse of water descending from the heights above had failed to dampen their ardor. The two laboring policemen at the side door were admitting them in squads of ten. Various strange bundles were scattered through the crowd. Suddenly a violent altercation arose. "What's the trouble?" "They just took two chickens and some mice away from ——" The door opened, and Ralph struggled in with the next fortunate ten. They ran rapidly up innumerable stairs and quickly seized upon the best remaining seats in the top gallery,—for that night the home of the Freshmen. Before them was a novel sight,—an empty theatre prepared for a concert, and half

buried with myriads of printed cards which were constantly sailing and swirling down from the top gallery in a more or less concrete snow-storm. The curtain was up, and there was a suggestive semi-circle of chairs flanked at either end by a piano and some palms. Jack Bend stood up in the middle of the front row and waved an immense Chinese parasol. "Save your cards till they come, fellows," he shouted; and the snow-storm gradually ceased. They sang a few songs, with those who had come to be recognized as the "big men" in the class leading. There was Charlie McKnight, who had made the *News* in the first competition, and the fellow who was captain of the Freshman football

team, and the man who had been on the 'Varsity squad, and another fellow beloved by all simply for his looks and manner. The latter was an Irishman, keen, kindly, humorous, with a sympathetic insight, and a knowledge of human nature surprising at his years. It was said of him that he secured a friend at every nod, and the Campus beneath his window resounded all day long with friendly cries of: "O-o-oh! Bill Mullally!" He possessed in the highest degree the ability to "swing the crowd" with him, and in a quiet way he always accomplished his ends. Add to this a genial taste for a glass and a lass, providing that the lass was pretty, and there was someone to drink with

him, a soul of chivalry, and an irresistible charm of manner, and you have an extremely inadequate picture of a man who was universally dubbed "a a king among men."

The theatre began to fill up gradually. The first arrival, who was struggling violently with the mechanism of his obviously new theatre hat, was greeted by a storm of howls and jeers, and a perfect hail of sailing cards rattled against his evening suit of male. But the girl in the fluffy pink whom he escorted down to a seat near the orchestra was greeted far differently: "Out of sight! Out of sight! Out of sight!" In a second the cry had spread till it thundered all around the gallery.

The parquet was nearly full, and all boxes had received their occupants. The soft, fleecy theatre wraps and white shoulders of the glowing girls contrasted with the correct evening dress of their erect escorts. The gallery-gods had begun to discriminate. "In the box! Out of sight! In the box! Out of sight!" The gaze of three hundred admiring eyes plainly indicated which box was receiving the ovation. The girl in fluffy pink suddenly put up two tiny, white-gloved hands and caught one of the many cards which were flying through the air in her direction. The gallery was on its feet with a roar. "Girl in pink! Girl in pink! Girl in pink! Girl in pink!" The girl's face

flushed a shade darker than her dress as she huddled back into her seat abashed at such notoriety.

At last the Glee Club came on and sang and the gallery relapsed into silence. At the end of the song there was a rapid pulling of ropes from the tops of the upper boxes, where the Freshmen were crowded, with their feet indifferently dangling over the forty-foot drop into the pit, and an immense blue flag with the Freshmen class numerals in white upon it was slung across the upper part of the stage. A Sheff. Freshman flag of similar design, but smaller, was spread beneath it. The men in the gallery were silent during the playing of the Glee, Mandolin, and

Banjo Clubs, except for once, when they greeted a soloist from their own class with a mixture of polite inquiries and sarcastic comments; but during the long intermissions the fun waxed fast and furious. The fellows on the tops of the boxes angled for smiles with roses and bunches of violets, and when a girl in the box caught the flowers the fisherman seldom failed to receive the smile. Sometimes the whole audience would become interested in one of these contests of skill and dexterity. Little dolls with their class numerals on their breasts and pathetically holding out imploring notes in their hands were let down from the gallery and seized upon by the laughing audience. Long streamers of ribbon,

which unwound as they descended, were flung down and sometimes formed a slight connecting link between a pretty girl and a luckless Freshman. A twitch and all was over. An immense bag made its way slowly out across a cord stretched from the extreme ends of the gallery and suddenly burst into a cloud of bright confetti, which descended on the white shoulders and black coats, dappling the latter with color and powdering, as it were, the girls' hair. In the long intermission at the middle of the concert an immense jumping figure of pasteboard was let down by several cords and danced violently and fantastically till it had kicked off both its arms and legs. When the concert began

again a large doll descended slowly and majestically, poised for a moment in dignified immobility, and then began to dance rhythmically in time to the music. The Mandolin Club tremolo'd and the doll fairly quivered. The laugh which burst forth drowned out the conclusion of the piece. A dove fluttered down and lit in the lap of a fair maiden. "Like to like," Ralph shouted, and the gallery took up the cry: "Like to like! Like to like!" But all did not go in Ralph's favor. Inspired by a sudden enthusiasm, he rose to his feet and started to lead a cheer. Now, leading a cheer is an art (which he only learned later), and requires a certain amount of command, enthusiasm,

and a rhythmic swing of the whole body, learned only (to betray a state secret) by long practice in one's room. "Come on, fellows," Ralph shouted, "Let's have a long cheer," and had one all to himself. They let him finish in strained silence, but just as the chaffing was about to burst forth, something happened to distract their attention. A figure had silently stolen up the narrow stairs of the box to where the rope which held the class flag was suspended. A swift cut and the flag settled into silent folds down the opposite side of the theatre. There was a howl of indignation, but the miscreant had fled as swiftly and unobtrusively as he had come, and the pursuit dared not

follow him down from the gallery. It was whispered that one big fellow who dared to follow him down the narrow staircase, caught him at the bottom and returned somewhat silent and crestfallen. But that is merely hearsay and not to be credited. Inside of five minutes the ropes were passed around the gallery from hand to hand and the flag was in position again. The supply of cards was nearly exhausted and the fire had slackened somewhat. Ralph collected a few and began to read them:

"Nineteen blank is king to-night
And a right good king is he,
But two years hence we'll show him how
Much better we can be."

It must be remembered that this was

the night of the Junior festivities. Innumerable cards bore the legends: "Compliments of the Freshmen," and, "The Freshmen class sends regrets."

There was one effort evidently produced by an extremely "fresh" Freshman. "*Sumus Tota Res,*" it began. (We are the whole thing.) "Championship milk-drinking contest of the Sophomore class will be held directly after this concert. For reserved seats on the Sophomore fence apply to any member of the Freshman class. Ladies escorting Sophomores are warned to take especial care of their charges after the performance. Per order of Freshman Committee."

Another card, written by one of the

cleverest men in the class, was couched in old English and read as follows:

"To ye fweete Miftreffe Dorothy,* or Clorinda, or whatfoever thou mayst be, thou moft gracious

Prom Girl,

beneath whose merrie Yale blue Eyes these Prefents falle,

Greeting:

"It is with hearts exceeding Sore that ye claffe of

19—

promifeth its Regrets rather than its prefence on ye Feftive Occafion of ye morrow's eve,† but such is inexorable Fate. Ah, well, but two fhort twelve-months hence ye nineteen blank claffe will hold its own Prom,—and joyous fhall it be, and Fayre will ye be, and fhaved fhall we be.‡ And

Feet Notes.

* If neither of these names fit, shout up your own.

† The Annual Dog Wagon Dinner at the Club prevents our attending.

‡ ?

we fhall trip ye light fantaftic, ye and we, and be merrie. Then, forfooth, Dainty Maid, fince we may not fhare a place in thy Prefence, we of nineteen blank crave at leaft ye confolation of a place in thy Thoughts, for furely fome of ye are nineteen, too."

The Concert ended amid a shower of Chinese parachutes from the Sheff. Freshmen, and a deluge of sawdust dropped on a detached group of luckless stags, who tried to continue to look pleasant before Yale's fair visitors as they felt the backs of their collars longingly and their fingers itched to get hold of the perpetrators of the outrage. Amidst cheer after cheer from the excited gallery, the audience slowly disappeared into the waiting carriages, and the

Freshmen emerged into the dark night to see nothing but a belated high hat here and there hurrying down the street and perhaps a bit of lace blown against the canvas of the awning. The reaction had set in, and they dispersed rather mournfully, listening with longing hearts to the faint strains of the waltzes issuing from the Senior dance at Alumni Hall and the Junior Promenade at the Armory.

Roi M. Mason.

Bill Wayne, Esq.

IT was now twelve, the chimes in old Battell were sounding the hour, but still we remained. Four of us, in Jim Bodley's room, all reclining on the divans and window seats, seemed to be waiting for a climax—we could not depart without it. The smoke-laden air was sleep laden. Fat Sally began to snore, he never could keep awake beyond twelve, and to-night, even with the climax in the

air, was no exception. The climax seemed due from Bill Wayne, who grouched in the Morris chair all the evening through, while he and his bull pup, Mick, looked as though they would fight if they were disturbed.

At last Jim, our host, aroused himself and said: "Well, gentlemen, one more toast and I am off to bed." He filled his glass from a bottle now far from full. Holding the glasses up we clinked and paused for the toast. We were all standing save Bill, who scarcely noticed us. The toast came, it was from Jim. "Here's to the girls we love; may we win them by and by." Again they clinked and we paused to drink.

In an instant Bill Wayne was on his feet; seizing his glass he dashed it to the table. It shivered to a thousand pieces, and there followed a dead silence while we glanced at each other in expectation, knowing we were to have one of his usual scenes. Soon he spoke; "Would *you* drink to them? Curse them! I say."

We started up, and Jim tried to calm him. "See here, Bill, what the devil ails you to talk like that. It's not decent."

"Curse them! I say," roared Bill, as he banged his fist on the table and glared at each one of us in turn. We waited. "Here, I've loved a

woman ever since I knew how to love. I told her so. I worked and romanced and thought and planned for her. She was my dream, my very life. I existed through her alone. I felt she was mine. But she wasn't. I got a letter from her to-day, saying she had married—a little cad at home. Is this the way they keep promises? She, the paragon of a woman, the example for the other girls. Yes, she is an example, a paragon. I swear, by heaven, I'll never have anything more to do with any of them." He paused and taking his hat and followed by Mick, he left us, and we saw very little of Bill for some time.

Christmas had come and gone and

"Prom." time drew nigh. "Who are you going to have up?" was the question of the hour. Still old Bill remained with Mick and never went around. He seemed to be getting the same decided jaws as his dog. Occasionally someone would ask him if he were going to the Prom. The only answer was a sullen stare from Bill. So the week before the Prom. arrived and with it a stream of fair humanity. Everywhere were maids and matrons. Poor Bill had a hard time. He stayed in doors and pulled the shades down and wouldn't see a soul. Now, Jim Bodley had a sister endowed with many charms, in fact she was to be the belle of the Prom. Her dark

eyes and ruddy lips, with an ever ready wit, were a helpful combination. But what had she to do with old Bill locked up in his room? Jim was giving a tea in his "boudoir," as he called it, and while he was bringing his sister, he saw a man for whom he had something of the utmost importance, so leaving Beth, he dashed after him. Beth, left alone, decided to go to his room without him. Nothing daunted she dashed up the stairs of what she thought was his entry. Going up stairs two steps at a time she passed several students who gazed after her in astonishment. She made for the door of a room she was positive was her brother's. It was not, it was Bill

Wayne's. In she burst with a merry laugh, which died on her lips when she saw a strange man. Bill started to bolt, but changed his mind. He stood waiting. She didn't leave him long in doubt.

"O! I beg your pardon. I must be in the wrong room. You know, I'm Jim Bodley's sister." He didn't know, but he never said so. "I'm awfully sorry to bother you."

"I'm Bill Wayne, a friend of your brother's. I will be delighted to show you his room," he volunteered begrudgingly.

"Are you Bill Wayne, I mean Mr. Wayne," she gasped. He nodded. "Jim told me all about you," said she.

"You really don't mind my bothering you? I'm so very, very sorry." She smiled upon him bewitchingly. They straightway set out for the missing room.

"Are you going to the Prom., Mr. Wayne?" she said.

"I don't expect to," was his answer.

"Do you know, Mr. Wayne, I can't exactly remember what my brother said about you. I wish you would help me remember. I like to know lots about my friends." She smiled at him again in a friendly way. Bill blushed. They were soon at the room and the pair were greeted with shouts of laughter.

"Come, Bill, take off your coat,"

said Jim, slapping him on the back. "We haven't seen you for a dog's age."

"I must be going," grumbled Bill.

"O! do stay, Mr. Wayne," added Beth.

Bill decided to stay, and was the last to go, having the pleasure of escorting Miss Bodley home. The next day Bill was as exclusive as ever, not even a windlass could haul him out. Prom. night came. We were all hustling to get dressed, when in walked Bill Wayne.

"Say, can any of you fellows lend me a pair of white gloves, I'm going to the Prom."

"What?" we all chorused.

"I wonder why," sniggled Fat Sally, who was promptly quieted by a punch in the ribs.

Why tell the old story of the Prom., the crowds and crowds of fair visions; the long armory gaily decked with flowers, greens and bunting; the music playing, while over in a corner box sat Bill Wayne and Beth Bodley utterly oblivious of it all.

"Don't forget that drive tomorrow, Miss Beth," said Bill as he slammed the carriage door, and started at a brisk walk for his room, while all the electric lights seemed to smile at him and say, "I told you so, I told you so."

B. Q. Meyer.

Henrico - Samuel - Smith, Freshman.

WHO he was and where he came from we leave to conjecture, but what he was and what *we* did with him is the burden of my tale. He appeared on Chapel street one balmy fall afternoon a few days before College opened. Deeply interested in the gayly-arrayed windows and the alluring prices, he sauntered along open mouthed, a bag in one hand and a big green

umbrella in the other. His appearance was indeed startling and even more so to passing students than the windows were to him. A large swallow-tail coat and tight trousers of a striking plaid made him look like a wish-bone in disguise. A white shirt, with a thin layer of terra firma theron, harmonized with his other looks, while a pair of green goggles showed the verdure of the country, even including the hay that nestled humbly on his tawny chin. Thus we saw him as he turned into York street, that haven of Freshmen, and we followed along to learn his domicile as he seemed an interesting person to meet later on.

Indeed, it was that very evening we

paid him a visit. He was lodging on the top floor of a building not very far from Elm street. He arose as we entered and grandly waved us to a chair, which was the only article of furniture besides the bed, which he quickly resumed and waited for us to be seated.

"My name is Jackson and this is Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Parrish, and I haven't the honor of your name," said I patronizingly, as I indicated the name of my friends and waited for his reply.

"Mr.—Henrico—Samuel—Smith," said he, with a distinct nasal drawl.

"We've come to see how you are getting on, Mr. Smith," continued I.

"Well, that air real kind of you

fellers. Yor see, I ses to my paw, 'I guess I oughter have a little college larnin',' so he sez, 'Well I guess yer might go fer a spell anyway,' and I passed the examinations up ter the county school and so come erlong, and here I be. Gosh, but this air a slick town. I've only been to Goshen twice. Say, but that ere's a slick town, but it ain't up to this, not by a durn sight. I'm going on twenty-eight," continued he apologetically, while we all looked deeply interested.

"Twenty-eight!" we all echoed. "Why, man, you should be married and running a farm of your own."

"Married;" said he, "why I would a been but there war no one to hev

me." He turned and looked woefully at himself. There in the dim light of his room he was most disgusting, hideous in fact. His moppy hair coming down over his collar and a long protruding front tooth only added to the effect.

"What did you say? That no girl would have an attractive fellow like you," asked Jim Hall. "It is impossible." Henrico smirked and fidgeted on his seat.

"Why, Mr. Smith," added Jim, "I can't see a handsome fellow like you unmarried. I'll make a bargain with you. If you will pay me fifty dollars, I'll find a nice girl that will have you."

"Done," chuckled Henrico.

"We'll come and take you round to see her in a few days." Thus we ended our first visit, and now for the girl.

Art Robinson was a very pretty fellow and with a soft, effeminate voice made up a stunning girl, which we had found out the year previous at our expense, when several fellows had had violent flirtations with him without having detected the trick. So to him we went. He received us with open arms when he learned our mission, for the game was his delight. Art lived in a small house, not very far from our friend Smith, and we had gained permission from his landlady to use her parlor. Henrico was delighted to see us again and looked as

cocky as a rooster when we mentioned our success.

"Look here, Smith," I said, thinking we might spruce him up a trifle, as his shirt was inlaid with dirt and he was elsewhere the same in proportion, "don't you think you need a clean shirt and to wash up a little? Of course, you don't mind our telling you, as we have your interests in mind."

"Wal, yer see," he exclaimed, "I am goin' hum at Christmas an' I only brought one with me, but don't you think it will do?" he added as he buttoned up his swallow-tail coat and rubbed his hand over it.

"Well, I guess it will," said Jim, trying hard to suppress a smile. "Come along."

We were soon at Robinson's, and, sending in our cards, we were ushered in with much ceremony. Smith stood gazing about at everything, with his mouth wide open, as usual, and his eyes staring in amazement.

"For goodness sake, Smith, act as though you were used to it," prompted Jim."

Presently Art appeared, arrayed in a most becoming evening dress, very decollete. His wig (large black tresses) was fastened up with an imitation diamond sunburst, while around his neck was a black velvet band. We were soon arranged around the room with Art opposite Smith, who could scarcely take his eyes from the fair vision.

We sat in sober silence for some time and then Jim suggested that we tell stories. Now Smith had on our first visit entertained us with several rural fables, which were always pointless and always caused him to laugh uproariously long before the intended point of the story came; and so Jim's desire was to draw him out to-night for the amusement of Art, and incidentally ourselves.

"Ena, mena, mina, mo," began Jim, and counting around the room in rapid order until he came to the end and then quickly skipping, he pointed his finger at Smith and said, "You begin."

"Wall," said Smith, glancing bashfully at Art, "I ain't much of a hand fer tellin' stories, but I'll do my best."

Scratching his head thoughtfully for a moment, he began. "Once 'pon a time ther was two roads er meetin'. Down one road came a girl and down the other came a feller, with a wash-boiler on his head, a calf lead by one hand and a pig by th' other, and when the girl saw the feller she got er skeart and stopped, and the feller asked her what she was er skeart of, and she said she was er skeart he'd kiss her." Here Henrico went off into paroxysms of laughter, from which he emerged in a few minutes, while we waited without smiling in deadly silence. "Then," continued Henrico, still chuckling, "the feller ses, 'how can I, with a wash-boiler on my head, a pig in one hand, a calf in

the other.' 'Why,' ses she, 'put the wash-boiler on the ground and put the pig and calf in it,' which the feller done and kissed the girl."

Here ended the tale, while his laughter began afresh, until the room fairly rang. But we never cracked a smile. Soon he paused and looked in amazement at us that we were not in convulsions also.

"Then," said Jim, suddenly brightening, "O, I see the point, the 'feller' had the mumps," whereupon we fairly shouted with laughter.

Old Henrico then grew quite excited trying to explain that that was not the point. Then we paused again, while Jim made some equally absurd

statement and off we went again, quite driving Smith to distraction. After a while we started to go, while I whispered in Henrico's ear, "Now's your chance, old man, brace up and ask her."

"What shall I say?" stammered he, as we slowly filed out and took our places by the half open window.

"Any old thing," we answered.

"Mr. Jackson has been er telling me," said Smith, by way of beginning, "that you would marry me."

This was enough for Art, who promptly made a dash out of the door and yelled back, as he disappeared up the stairs, "Say, old rubber-foot, don't believe all he tells you."

While Smith ambled to the door the

door opened and out walked, not Smith, but Putnam, a dropped Sophomore, with a wig in his hand, and bowing to us by the window, said in a mocking tone, "Gentlemen, let us repair to Billy's; the pleasure is mine."

B. Q. Meyer.

The Squaring-up of Hoppy The Roustabout.

THE maxim that all men are created free and equal should, like many other statements as apparently comprehensive in their nature, be accepted only with certain limitations. It does not apply, for instance, to such a person as Hoppy, who was born with only one leg,—roughly speaking, that is, for he had another leg, but as it only reached down to the knee of

his good one it is scarcely worth mentioning at all. Of course there *are* certain advantages, even in the possession of a "swinger," as Hoppy called the crippled member, and these he made the most of. He learned at an early age, for instance, that when it came to a hand to hand argument, he could, just at the proper moment, land a terrific kick with it in the pit of his antagonist's stomach. And this natural advantage Hoppy augmented artificially during times of impending turmoil on the East side, by tying a brickbat in the end where the trousers folded; for Hoppy was a mighty factor in the history-making of Avenue A, and like every other successful pub-

lic man had his enemies as well as his friends. As a sidelight on Hoppy's character it is worth noting that he derived equal enjoyment from a chance meeting with either. He did not suffer from a feeling of being physically handicapped. Indeed there was not a patrolman on the river front within a half mile of Bellevue in either direction who did not regard a business call upon Hoppy as an undertaking likely to provide more or less excitement, and only to be approached with due care deliberation. They knew also, if Hoppy chose to beat a retreat upon such an occasion, that any attempt at pursuit was wasted energy, providing of course that it was a dry day so his crutch

would not slip on the pavement. And as to swimming, the longshoremen used to rest on their shovels in the barges to watch Hoppy rolling about in the long green swells of the tugboats, pushing something along in front of him toward Blackwell's Island.

"Strike me dead if it ain't a crutch," one would remark, and then they would go to work again.

So you see Hoppy had considerable to be proud of, even in competition with the able-bodied. It was the ever-present consciousness that every man is entitled to a full complement of legs, prepared by the Creator and not pieced out by the carpenter, which preyed most upon Hoppy's feelings as he was

stepping into the twenties,—which was about the time of his squaring up with Mulligan.

As head and founder of the Roustabout Club, Hoppy first attained distinction in the exercise of his natural propensities for leadership, and became known to his friends and the newspapers as Hoppy the Roustabout. This remarkably and, to its rivals, offensively successful body sprang into being nominally for the purpose of securing to its members certain social advantages. Its real object, however, was to impress upon an interested public the fact that Hoppy and his chosen few could erase the facial features of any similar East side organization which cared to walk

to the slaughter. Not that the social side was entirely neglected. The arrangement of dances, clambakes, barge parties, dog fights and other functions was a frequent and onerous duty. But no true Roustabout gent ever accompanied his lady to a hop at Regan's Hall without first slipping a pair of brass knuckles into his hip pocket, for one can never tell what may happen. "Maybe we ain't so keen on the dance," as Hoppy remarked one morning to his friend the shipping reporter, "specially myself,—though I ain't sayin' nothin' even as to that. But we've got 'em all ground to a powder when it comes to beauty spoilin'."

It was concerning a gathering of the

Roustabouts to be held that very night that Hoppy was conversing with Officer Mulligan in front of Barrett's hat factory one morning in July.

"We're goin' in one of the Roofin' Comp'ny's barges, Mull," said Hoppy, rising to depart, "but if you're comin' you'll have to ferget your official dooties. That won't be very hard for *you*."

"Stay a bit, Hoppy," said the other "I want a word with ye about somethin' else. Do ye mind Johnny Phelan that skipped from Clancy's saloon last month with the cash box?"

"Yes," said Hoppy, "what of it?"

"Well," said the other with a broad grin and giving Hoppy a conciliatory

nudge in the ribs, "they do say that you know where he is, Hoppy."

"Well," said Hoppy, looking his friend full in the eye, "s'pose I do. What of it?"

"Why," said Mulligan, gazing over Hoppy's head and far down the avenue, "they's three hundred quid reward, Hoppy, an' you know well enough *I* ain't no hog. A hundred an' fifty 'll do *me*."

"Yes," said Hoppy, blazing with wrath, "I guess it will, and a damn sight less, too. You know as well as I do, Mull, that Johnny Phelan was a good friend of mine, an' yours, too, an' as straight an' honest a man as ever wore shoes, till he gambled. Gawd blind me

if you wouldn't do anything for money, Mull. If you're turnin' fly cop and want Phelan, go hunt fer him. But don't come around askin' me to beef on my friends."

"O, I don't know," said Mulligan slowly, and with ill humor, "*you* needn't be so blasted independent. I'd get more than thanks from old Corbey if I pulled *you*. His face is bent in yet."

"I s'pose you're likely to do it, too," said Hoppy sarcastically, "though you told me you wished I'd knocked a hole clean through him for the dirty turns he's done you." * * * "Mull," he continued after a silence, "we ain't the friends we used to be before that happened, and it's all because you've got

the bulge on me. It ain't right between friends for one to have the grip on the other. It ain't right." Hoppy spat at the ring on an adjacent manhole and shook his head ominously. "I'm goin'," he added, rising. "Don't forget to be at the dock to-night," and he hobbled off down the street.

For several blocks a scowl on Hoppy's face gave evidence of trouble and perplexity within. "It ain't right," he said to himself, once shaking his head again, "It ain't right, an' it's got to be squared up." As he reached the corner of Thirteenth street a welcome moist odor arrested Hoppy's attention and he glanced quickly across the street toward the swinging mirrored doors from which it

emanated. Possibly Hoppy was accustomed to believe that behind them lay the natural haven of the perplexed. At any rate, that was where he went.

The moon was already out at eight o'clock that night when the Roustabouts—each gent accompanied by a lady—embarked upon the Roofing Company's barge. Mulligan was there. Hoppy was there superintending the lading of several casks. A group of the St. Aloysius Society were also there, assembled for the purpose of wrecking the expedition, but being too few to venture an attack they discreetly contented themselves with shouting gibes and jeers from the summit of an adjacent lumber pile. Owing to the strategic

value of their position, Hoppy decided after some deliberation to leave them unmolested. He remembered that there were large quantities of loose boards on the top of that particular pile.

An hour later the barge was bowling merrily up stream, resplendent with Chinese lanterns and radiant with good humor. Amidships a battered piano, trembling beneath the muscular and hilarious touch of Tunnie McTavish, poured forth a veritable whirlwind of rag-time, augmented by a score of voices to a euterpean cyclone. Feminine giggles and squeals emanated from the gloomier portions of the deck above an undertone of bantering conversation and laughter. Skilfully balanced upon

the rail, glorious in a crackling blue shirt and embroidered suspenders, sat Officer Mulligan, smiling broadly and puffing upon a large pungent cigar—ignited half way down the side—which seemed to complete the measure of his enjoyment. Allowing for the conservatism of maturer years, he was fully imbued with the spirit of the occasion.

The deck was partially cleared and Bull Wakely danced a rattling breakdown amid thunderous applause. Then the Chinese lanterns flickered with the rhythmic stamp of a Davenport reel. Suddenly, just as Tunnie McTavish was sonorously announcing the third figure, and Hoppy, scorning crutches, was sweeping down the center on one

leg with Nellie Clancy, there was a loud splash, and a broad blue shirt had vanished from the rail.

"It's Mull!" shouted Hoppy in the confusion which followed. "Heave to, but don't start back. I can bring him in." Almost by the time that Mulligan came to the surface, purple and gurgling, Hoppy was swimming easily along by his side.

"Hello, Mull, old girl," said Hoppy gaily, "Thought you'd take a dip, did you? Well, I'm glad you did, Mull. It's a most oncommon lucky thing for me, Gawd blind me if it ain't."

In answer Mulligan coughed violently and made a grab for an adjacent

portion of Hoppy's clothing, but the owner ducked and came up on the other side.

"Easy, Mull, easy," said he, "you're good for ten or twelve more strokes before you go down, Mull. I don't know as there's any use delayin' though," he added, noting that the other's movements were growing spasmodic. "T' come to the point, I'm goin' to ask a favor of you, Mull. If you 'gree you can grab my galluses and we'll round up to the barge all serene. If you don't, Gawd blind me if I don't let you walk bottom. Did you ketch that all right? You're looking sort o' groggy."

Mulligan, who besides having swal-

lowed a liberal quantity of water was having the greatest difficulty in keeping himself afloat, cast a look at his friend which said plainer than words, "Et tu, Hoppy?" but in vain. Just then a passing wave completely immersed him, and all thought of pride or resentment was lost in panic. He gurgled a hasty affirmative.

"Now then," continued Hoppy, "first, I want you to forget about my little deal with ol' man Corbey—wipe it clean out. Next I want you to stop huntin' fer Johnny Phelan. Do you promise?"

Hoppy asked the question at exactly the psychological moment. For Officer Mulligan the past and future were as grass that is withered or straws driven

by the gale, the present as myrrh, frankincense and precious ointment, and in especial the hope of safety, which was more to be desired than much fine gold. Visions of the probable occupation by officer Degnan of a certain hoped-for sergeantcy flashing through his mind had added a moment before to the agony of his feelings. Degnan might be a commissioner now, and welcome, if it helped Mulligan's hand to a plank. It was certainly a magnificent time to drive a bargain. As for promising, the thought of a refusal never entered his head. Twice he tried to speak and could only gasp; the third time he emitted a terrified gurgle which left no doubt as to his meaning.

"All right, Mull. Now put your flappers on my back and we'll travel. Easy there! Don't go to grabbin' or I'll cut loose anyway."

Mulligan was hauled aboard into a mingled atmosphere of sympathy and humor. "Better hang him over a chair an' let him drain, boys," said the rescuer, as he struggled dripping to the deck. "He leaked some in the seams."

"Hoppy," said Mulligan sadly, when they were alone, later in the evening, "I didn't think ye'd be that hard on a friend."

E. Lyttleton Fox.

Just a Story.

MISS MADGE WILSON was a very positive young person, with decided views on most matters, and likes and dislikes in everything. She never considered it necessary to give any reasons. It was simply "I like it," or "I don't like it," and there the matter ended. When once she was prejudiced, or had made up her little mind on some point, there was no use in trying to change her.

Bob Price had discovered this way

back in the times when they were only friends. Well, the truth is, they were still but friends, though for three or four years—oh, in fact, ever since he had been in college—he had been trying his best to make her change one little decision. But in vain.

He had begun with flowers, and candies, and little remembrances at Christmas time and on other occasions when it was not any special time at all; and he had advanced to long country drives, and sitting out dances, and imagining conversations and scenes with her, when he ought to have been buckling down to study. And then she had made her little decision.

"Now, Bob, don't," she had begun,

and at just that point his ardor began to cool. She was very frank in the matter, her great, dark eyes smiling at him all the while. "Now, Bob, don't. We're good friends. You know I like you; and you're a good sort of fellow, but—" and she paused, "but, Bob, you're not a hero. And for me to love a man he has got to be a hero. He has got to do something no one else can do, Bob. Yes, I know; I know, Bob; but then—I want a hero."

During his whole college course he had been persuading and threatening and coaxing her to change all that. A hero! He thought wildly of hiring some horse to run away so that he could catch it, or of a great sea

plunge down at the beach to save a life, and of a thousand other schemes. But it looked as if nothing of the sort would ever turn up, and, as she kept telling him over and over again, he remained, month in and month out, just plain, every-day Bob Price. And every vacation he would rush home full of hope; and she always met him with such an air of confiding friendship, that each time he thought he would surely win. But always at vacation's end he found his way back to college again, depressed and downhearted, with the same answer given in the same frank way. No, he was no hero.

He was beginning his Senior year

now, and it looked as if things would never change. If he was to be a hero at all, there was little time left for it. Whenever he thought of Madge it never occurred to him that he would have any chance after college. Graduation looked like a jumping-off place.

So in desperation he invited Madge and her mother down to the Princeton game. When he wrote her he had a faint idea that he was catching at the last straw. Deep down in his heart he hoped that something might come up. He was by no means a star player. He was simply cool-headed, and had played at quarter for so long that he knew the game thoroughly,

that was the only reason he was being played. But then, star plays had been made before, many a game had been won by a brilliant individual play, and perhaps he might——. At any rate it would be a chance, and Madge would be there to see.

So Madge came down for the game, and she formed a pretty picture—a slight, graceful figure, and a mass of dark curls, and a pair of big brown eyes—as she put her little hand into Bob's as she passed the players' benches, and wished him a hearty "good luck."

Then the game began and she gave a little gasp as Bob and the others crashed together in the first mix up.

And she leaned forward and her eyes never lost his figure in all the maze of players. As for Bob, down on the field, he had little time to think of Madge; and when he did, it was only to wonder what kind of an impression it would all have on her. He was holding his own, but his hands were full. Up and down the field, all the first half, the ball had see-sawed. But at the end it had crossed neither line.

And then the minutes of the second half began to slip by; and the teams fought, but without avail. Bob was playing back, and at last he was just opposite where Madge was sitting; but he dared not look in her direction. Twice the Princeton backs plunged for-

ward, and then they dropped back for a kick. Bob, on the twenty-yard line, felt a wave of nervousness sweep over him. In the next instant the ball was soaring toward him, and all he knew was that Madge was watching. He waited, and the ends swept down on him. An inexplicable fear seized him; he stepped a little to one side. He grabbed at the ball, but it just touched his hands and then rolled down the field. In the instant one Princeton end had knocked him to the ground, and the other had caught up the ball and run down to the goal.

Bob faintly heard the groan that went up from the stand, but all he saw as he got up was a little blue

clad figure, half risen, leaning far out, and her face filled with intense eagerness and dismay.

That touchdown was the only score. A few minutes later the crowds surged into the field; but Bob did not go to find Madge. He walked slowly off to the car.

That night he wrote her a note, saying that he could not see her before she went away, because of an injury or something—he never really remembered just what excuse he did make. All the next day he stuck to his room. Madge was to leave at noon. He watched the clock. At one he gave a mingled sigh of relief and despair. "Well, it's settled now," he muttered.

It was but a few minutes later that a note came. He tore it open. "A last word, I suppose," he said. But he had read scarcely three lines when he dropped it, grabbed up his hat, and a moment later burst through the swinging doors at the New Haven House.

And the note lay neglected—a poor, innocent thing. And just a bit of one sentence could be made out as it lay there:

"And—Bob—I don't think—it matters so much about being a hero—after all."

W. Rumsey Kinney.